

# The Pinnacle of Life – Chapter 0906

Abel was dumbfounded.

He could have never thought that the best imperial doctor in America would actually say such nonsense. He could not help scolding him in his heart, ‘Damn, what the hell with this America’s best imperial doctor? What nonsense! You can’t even cure my son’s tiny sickness, yet you dare to call yourself the best imperial doctor? More like the best quack’

It was just that he dared not utter it.

Or else, he would have completely offended Wallace.

Wallace said, ‘I’ve never seen such a condition before but my teacher just said that this is not a sickness of the body. I’m afraid it’s due to mental and spiritual level. Simply said, it’s mental illness! Unfortunately, I’m not good at treating mental illness. I think it’s more appropriate to send him to the mental hospital. My apologies, I can’t do anything about it. I’m too embarrassed to face your father again. I’ll take my leave then.’

He left right away after finished speaking.

Even if Abel wanted to stop him, he could not even stop him either. In fact, he did not want to stop him. ‘F\*ck, how dare you tell me to send my son to the mental hospital? Why don’t you go in by yourself, old man?’

However, whenever he thought about his son’s condition, he would feel a throbbing pain in his heart.

After getting back from Michigan, the Colemans had searched more than thirty doctors for Tristan. He even looked for famous doctors in various fields, legendary doctors, and even the barefoot doctors among the folks but to no avail. He even looked for eminent monks, Cultivation Gurus, and geomancers whosoever, but they were at their wits’ end as well.

It seemed that Tristan could only be like that forever.

Abel went back to the inner hall and he saw his father, Wesley. He also saw his son, Tristan.

It was just a few days.

Tristan no longer had the spiritual glory from the past but he seemed very sick. His face was pale. His dark eye circles were as big as a panda's, and his eyebags were even more exaggerated than his grandfather's. He did not have a choice either. After encountering such a condition, he could not sleep much. He could not even eat properly!

Everyday, he had to eat sixteen pounds of mud and he had to vomit once every hour. It would be a miracle if he was still able to eat properly.

Most importantly, he had eaten the mud so much that even the gastric lavage could not clean his stomach properly.

His stomach was drooping and his bowel was dysfunctional. He had diarrhea more than ten times a day and he was severely dehydrated.

Tristan felt that it would be better for him to be dead if this condition kept continuing.

"Dad, what did Doctor Yoke say? Did he find a cure?" Tristan asked anxiously as he looked at Abel.

"Damn it! What imperial doctor? He's worse than a pile of sh\*t, he's just trash that fishes for fames and compliments. He actually said that you're being condemned by the wrath of Heaven and diagnosed with a mental illness. He said to send you to the mental hospital. F\*ck, why doesn't he go and die?"

At first, Tristan thought he still had hope. Upon hearing it, he fell and sat on the ground.

At this moment, a loud roar was heard from outside, as if something had collapsed. Those Colemans ran out to check the situation.

As a result, they saw their grand elder tore down a fake mountain out of anger.

“Grand Elder, what happened?” Wesley immediately asked.

“I’m very angry!” The grand elder let out a loud roar, only then did he say, “It turned out that the brat at the Stoermers of Michigan last time totally bluffed. There was no such thing as a half immortal. Everything was just a misleading illusion and I had fallen for it!”

The rest of the Colemans were dumbfounded.

Then, Abel said, “That’s not right, didn’t that brat kill Carlos?”

The grand elder replied, “I personally went to the Sky Mortals and asked the Solar Guru. How could he possibly be wrong? That Carlos himself was on the verge of dying, he died of old age... Hmph! Tristan, follow me to California tomorrow. There’s Triangle River Delta Medical Exchange in California, and a peerless figure will be there. He definitely will be able to cure your sickness! After that, I’ll kill that rascal myself.”

Tristan asked, “Grand Elder, have you found out who is that person?”

The elder said coldly, “A useless son-in-law in California, Alex Rockefeller! Your sickness is most likely related to him.”